

stumble, and in course throw their rider, who is frequently so much hurt as never to recover it. Thus you see, my dears, that the greatest pleasures are frequently attended with the greatest dangers. I am sure you must have remarked, that after you have laughed to a violent degree at any thing, you have afterwards found yourselves low and depressed. It is a proverb, as old as it is true and just, that "pleasure and pain are inseparable companions."

Bless me, Charlotte and Billy, see how that hare runs cross the field! How nimbly it trips along, and yet as it runs keeps looking behind it. Were any of those greyhounds here that I mentioned to you just now, they would soon stop her course, poor thing!

Gentlemen also hunt these hares with dogs, and pursue them more for pleasure, or what they call *sport*, than for the sake of eating them after they are killed. Now, to be sure, hares, deers, and

and all other kinds of game, were intended by Providence for our food; but I cannot think that Providence ever meant they should be killed in this cruel manner.

Shooting, I think, is far more excusable than hunting; because, when a bird is shot, he generally falls down dead at once, and if it should happen that he be not quite dead, the sportsman generally instantly twists his neck, and puts an end to its misery. But for men to pursue a timorous hare for hours together, and employ those noble and generous animals, horses and dogs, in the pursuit, as though they were not a match for a hare themselves, is something so inconsistent and unaccountable, that I am lost in conjecture.

If I am, my dear children, so displeased with gentlemen hunting a timorous and innocent hare, how much more angry must I be with those ladies who join in the chase! The delicacy